Poor Robins PERAMBULATION FROM Saffron-Walden TO LONDON:

Performed this Month of *JULY*, 1678.

With Allowance,
July 11. 1678. *Ro. L'Eſtrange.*

LONDON:

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LONDON:

Poor ROBIN'S *Perambulation from* Saffron-Walden *to* London, *&c.*

NOw have amongſt you Gallants, here's a ſtory
Will make you laugh, or elſe I ſhould be ſorry:
'Tis of a Journey lately made from *Walden*
To *London*, and of ſeveral places call'd in
As by the way I travel'd, with their Rarities
Of Vice and Virtue, and their great diſparities.
'Twas in the year of Grace call'd Sixteen hundred
Seventy and ſeven, as our account is numbred,
The Eve o'th' *Scottiſh* Champion St. *Andrew*,
Who wore as good a ſword as e're man drew,
Being the twenty-ninth day of *November*,
Called St. *Saturnine* as I remember,
The very next day when the *Term* was ended,
Wherein much (ah too much) Coin is expended,
The ſign was in *Aquarius*, or the Legs,
Being *Wedneſday*, a day for *Fiſh* and *Eggs*.
The *Moon* full four days old, the wind was *North*,
When I on this mad Journey did ſet forth.
As for the *Tide* I will not mention here,
For we have neither *Sea* nor *Thames* us near,
And therefore of their *Ebbs*, or of their *flowing*,
Very few perſons thereabouts are knowing.
Thus having ſhown you when, in the next place
I'le ſhow you whence my Journey I did trace:
'Twas from the *Roſe and Crown*, where Mr. *Eve*
Doth keep a Houſe like to an Under-ſheriff;

There is good Sack, good *French*-Wine, and good Beer.
And if you'l dine or ſup, there is good cheer:
Or does your ſtomack to a Breakfaſt ſtand,
There's cold roaſt Beef, or Pork at your command.
For thoſe men who the truth of this deny it,
Let them go there, and do as I did, try it;
There for your money you ſhall have kind uſage,
Good words, and reckonings right, without abuſage.
There at my parting, ſome kind friends of mine
Would needs beſtow on me a quart of Wine,
Where with ſtout drinking e're my parting hour,
That Quart was made at leaſt a three or four;
But *Sol* his ſpeedy journey would not ſtay,
And poſting-time did call me thence away:
Yet would my Jovial friends on me attend
Part of my Journey unto *Audley-end*,
By them call'd *Nineveh*, but no great City,
Though too much ſin may be there, more's the pity
There at the ſign (of ſuch a thing I think
As never ſwam on pond or rivers brink)
Of a *Black Swan*, which is as rare 'tis ſaid
As of a wench with child to be a maid.
Yet although of this Sign there's no ſuch thing,
It was a ſign there was good drink within,
And that we found freſh, ſprightly, and well taſted;
With drinking which, we a long hour waſted.
But friends at laſt muſt part, though loth they be.
And ſo with much leave-taking then did we,
When, 'cauſe bad company ſhould be withſtood,
I walkt alone, and ſo had none but good.
The firſt Town I came to, was *Wenden* nam'd,
Who hate *Eighth Henry*, though a King much fam'd;
The reaſon of the ſame, they underſtand
He was the firſt man ever wore a *Band*,

And

And that's a fashion to which they'l not come,
As being chargeable and troublesome,
Therefore without Bands commonly they go,
By which sign you a *Wenden*-man may know.
From *Wenden* I my course did next way bend
Unto the place is called *Sparrows-end*,
Where Mr. *Harris* my old friend the Tanner
Did entertain me in most courteous manner,
And having drunk such strong drink as we found,
With which his House doth commonly abound,
To *Newport-pond* my course I next way bent,
And in at the sign of the *Black-Bull* went,
Where scarcely in a room I had set down
When in came my old friends kind Mr. *Br*——
And Mr. *Woo*—— two who love their friend
With true and hearty love unto the end;
For though they in another Town do live,
They to their Neighbour some kind Visits give.
'Twas twelve a Clock, Dinner-time did approach,
When men whet Knives on Wheels of Cart or Coach;
The Cloth was laid, and by the scent o'th' meat
One might perceive there something was to eat,
And so it prov'd indeed, for from the pot
Came forth a Rump of Beef was piping hot;
And from the Spit was brought a loyn of Mutton
Would satisfie the stomack of a Glutton;
For like a Loyn of Beef it might been knighted;
To which our Hostess kindly us invited,
Which we accepted of; and to delight her,
Told her none could deny such an inviter:
For she's a Widow of such excellent carriage,
Would make a man most happy in her Marriage,
Being young, fresh, fair, of a most pregnant wit,
And for a kind good Husband sure most fit,

We

We having din'd, and join'd a pint or two,
Then forwards on my Journey I did go.
And firſt I came unto a Town called *Rickling*,
Where for to ſtay a while I made no ſtickling,
But preſently in at the *Kings-head* fell,
Where of *Compounding Dick* I there heard tell,
To whom if that it pleaſe you to reſort ye,
He for a hundred pound will mortgage forty
Shillings a year, nor do you think I jeſt,
It's very true indeed, *probatum eſt.*
Or lend him leſſer ſums, which if you do,
For twenty Shillings he will pay you two;
Not two and twenty Shillings, no ſuch plenty,
I mean he'l pay you two Shillings for twenty;
Pray lend him then, and this ſhall be your portion,
You ſhall not need fear being ſu'd for extortion.
From the *Kings-head* I out of doors ſcarce went,
But was in *Quenden*-ſtreet incontinent;
Of many a handſome Country-Houſe the ſtation,
It ſeems to be a little Corporation,
Yet are the Houſes not ſo neat as ſtrong,
And doth moſt to one Gentleman belong.
For nothing on it can you look aſquint,
Unleſs cauſe there is ne're an Ale-houſe in't.
Good air, brave Woods, and fine rich Meadow-ground,
And doth with every ſort of Grain abound.
The young men there do bear the Bell away
From all the Towns about at Foot-ball play.
Unto a Farmers Houſe I went out-right,
Who entertained me like to a Knight:
And though at *Newport* I had din'd before,
Yet here with him I muſt eat one bit more,
Some Ribs of Pork new kill'd, broil'd on a Gridiron,
Of ſeven ribs, three on each ſide, and one mid-iron.

But ere they laid them on, they did them Salt,
A Shooing-horn to draw down juice of Malt;
Yet thus much of his Beer's ſtrength I do know,
'Twould well go down without helps thereunto;
And who thereof to drink too much on't ventures,
'Twill turn him Scrivener for to make Indentures;
Which made me have a care of that ſame drink,
Becauſe ſome Scriveners are K——s I think,
But whether ſo or no I'le leave to Pen,
They may be Knaves or may be honeſt men:
But to the matter, ere that we did part
I of his liquor took down many a quart;
Then fear leſt I ſhould of a Fox-skin ſmell,
I bid to him (as he made me) farewell.

From *Quenden* I my ready courſe did frame
Thorow a Town that hath an *Ugly* name,
Indeed to call it ſo they did not well,
Becauſe that handſom Women in it dwell;
Nor are the Men for ought that I can find
But good condition'd, debonair, and kind:
And therefore he who ere the name it gave,
To call it ſo was but an ugly K——.

From *Ugly* I next way to *Stanſted* travel'd,
Upon a plain High-way well ſton'd and gravel'd;
This Town of *Stanſted* for diſtinctions ſake
Doth unto it the name *Montfitchet* take,
From the *Montfitchets* once Lords of great fame,
And who ere while were owners of the ſame.
There at the *Bell*, at my old friend's *George Perrin*,
We drunk and tipled like unto a Herring;
For there is Ale and Stale-beer ſtrong and mighty,
Will burn ith' fire like unto *Aqua-vitæ*;
And that the reaſon is, as you may know,
That this *Bells* Liquor makes Mens *Clappers* go:

Then

Then when mens brains begin for to grow addle,
Some talk of riding, ne'r ſat on a Saddle,
And every one doth think himſelf a Prince,
Though he in's Pocket ſcarce hath Thirteen-pence.
This Town from *Walden* is eight miles they ſay,
All which long ſpace I travel'd in one day,
But wearied ſore, and having drunken deep,
The leaden god then ſummon'd me to ſleep;
So that for to repoſe my drowzy head,
It was not long before I went to bed;
And though I did not go out of my way,
Yet I that very night in *Holland* lay.
Next morn, ere *Titan* ſhew'd his glorious head,
My Hoſt did rouze me from my drowzy bed;
And for ſo doing this was his pretence,
To pay a Groat for my laſt nights offence,
Which I ſoon gave unto the jovial Croney,
For being ſo ore-reached by *Vulpone*;
And being up, we briskly did it ſpend,
And ſo of the *round* Groat made a *ſquare* end.
Thus arm'd with Toaſt and Ale, my Muſe and I,
Having no other in our company,
Footed it on the Road, and ſtraightway came
Unto a Town *Birchanger* call'd by name,
Of which there is a Proverb very old,
From one Age ſtill unto another told
That there they chriſten Calves, which by mens bounty
It may extend to each Town in the County;
Becauſe the plenty of the Veal from thence,
To call them *Eſſex Calves* is a pretence.
Thorow *Birchanger* I paſs'd without drinking,
The reaſon thereof you perhaps are thinking;
Yet don't believe herein that I do ſcoff-ye,
They there ſell neither Ale, Wine, Beer, nor Coffee;

Therefore unleſs without Town they be ſped,
They very ſoberly may go to Bed:
But though ſuch liquors are not ſold among them,
Becauſe that I would willingly not wrong them,
Strong drink in private Houſes there may be,
Of which the owners may be frank and free;
But whether that the ſame be ſo or no,
To tell to you the truth, I do not know,
Therefore it to avouch I were to blame,
Unleſs that I had taſted of the ſame.

Thus ſomething dry within, yet ne'retheleſs
In a good plight, my way I next addreſs
Unto a place call'd *Hockrell*, and there took
In at the *Crown*, with honeſt Mr. *Cook*;
Now here I did no entertainment lack,
With *French*-Wine *Rheniſh*, and good *Spaniſh* Sack;
And being Dinner-time I fill'd my gullet,
Begun with powder'd Beef, ended with Pullet;
And after Dinner we to drinking fixt,
With taking of Tobacco intermixt.

Minding that Town my Journeys end ſhould be
For that ſame night, I was reſolv'd to ſee
The rarities of the ſame, which to diſcloſe
A little while I'le turn my Verſe to Proſe.

This place called *Hockrell* belongeth to *Biſhop Storford*, ſo named from the Biſhops of *London*, who once had a Palace here, being an ancient Caſtle given by *William* the *Conquerour* unto the Biſhop *Mauritius*, with all the appurtenances belonging thereunto for ever; the Ruins of which Caſtle remain to this day. On the upper ſide of the Town ſtands a fair Church, in which lie Interred many of the *Flemings*, a Family whoſe numerous branches have ſpread themſelves thorough *England*, *Scotland* and *Wales*, ever

 ſince

ſince the time of Sir *John le Fleming*, Knight, who flouriſhed in the Reign of King *William Rufus*. Their Market (which is kept on on Thurſdays) is very well ſerved with all ſorts of Proviſions for the ſuſtentation of life, eſpecially *Barley* and *Malt*, which makes our Engliſh *Bachanialian* juice; the operations of which liquor take from the Poet:

Whilſt Pearls and Rubies doth ſtrong drink diſcloſe,
They make their purſe poor to enrich their noſe.

They have three Fairs in the year, one nine days before *Whitſontide*, another nine days after it, and the third on *Michaelmas*-day. This Town is alſo accommodated with three Taverns, *viz.* the *Crown*, the *Rein-deer*, and the *George*, at either of which, bringing the merry Chink, you may have the merry drink. How many Ale-houſes is there, I had not time to number, only I ſaw the ſigns of ſome Horned Beaſts, as the *Bull*, the *Ram*, *&c.* but what the people are that dwell therein, I know not, but gueſs you may have good liquor there for your money. As for the *Cage* and *Stocks* there, let thoſe who have been in them give you a deſcription of them. And now after this ſerious view of the Town, I returned to my Quarters, where I had dined, and took up my lodging there that night.

From *Biſhop-Storford* I next day ſet forth
Unto a Town is called *Sabridgworth*,
Contracted *Sapſford*; but call't what you will,
In the ſame place it did, the Town ſtands ſtill.
Good Corn they ſay within the ſame doth grow,
And good Beer may be in't for ought I know;
But at that time I had no liſt to drink,
So paſt I thorough it, and ſav'd my Chink.
Unto *Eye-dorwin* went I, to the *Roſe*,
Where for a time I ſtaid and tope't my noſe;

There was a jolly *Hoſteſs*, and good tipple,
Would make the tongue run, and the legs a cripple.
But of large drinking, Reader, this know of it,
There is ſmall pleaſure in it, and leſs profit;
'Twill quickly empty all the purſe of croſſes,
Which will breed diſcontentment for ſuch loſſes.
My Hoſteſs without coyn you can't accoſt her,
Her rule is, *No peny, no Pater-noſter*;
She cares not for your company a bean-ſtraw,
You can't come at her back-ſide with a hand-ſaw.
But if you have the white and yellow mettle,
She ſimpers like to a Furmety-kettle.
The ſervants nimble are, and you may brag on
The credit, not to call twice for a flaggon:
The female ſervants, leſt they ſhould be ſhent,
Do anſwer (as they are) *incontinent*.
For Claret, Sack, ſtrong Beer you ſhall not ſtand Sir,
Both Hoſteſs, men and maids, are at command Sir.
But if the Purſe chance to be in the wane,
Then you may call, and call, and call again,
You have free liberty for to be gone Sir,
For *quickly come*, is turn'd *anon, anon Sir*.
Therefore kind Reader ſpend not all away,
But keep a peny 'gainſt a rainy day;
Then ſhall you welcome be where e're you come,
Where otherwiſe more welcome is your room.
But I've digreſt, but hope have not tranſgreſt
In theſe invective lines I've here expreſt;
Yet Reader know, although Inns and Ale-houſes
Were not ordain'd for men to drink Carrouſes,
Yet are they for the Trav'ller neceſſary,
Who elſe his meat and drink muſt with him carry;
And very oftentimes it would be found
He muſt his lodging take on the cold ground;

This alſo muſt of them be underſtood,
That many Hoſts and Hoſteſſes are good,
Uſe people kindly for their drink and diet,
And lodg them ſoftly, where they reſt in quiet.
Where we will leave them ſleeping in their bed,
To ſhow how after in my way I ſped.

Croſſing the Fields, I in ſhort ſpace came down
To *Eaſtwick*, to the ſign o'th' *Roſe and Crown*,
Where for to ſtay I did not once intend,
But at the Inn-door there I met a friend,
An old acquaintance newly come from *London*,
Where women ſome are done, ſome men are undone;
To ſee how reſolutions ſoon may alter,
At ſight of him my legs began to falter,
And though before I had no liſt to drink,
Now other thoughts into my mind did ſink;
Methoughts I was as dry as was a bottle
Turn'd upſide downward, and without a ſtopple;
My eyes 'gan view the door, which open ſtood
To invite all Company in that wou'd;
Seeing an opportunity ſo fit,
How every thing invited us to it,
My friend and I reſolv'd e're we did go,
To enter in and drink a quart or two;
Yet did we think the Houſe not ſo reſplendent,
Becauſe no Buſh was to the ſign dependent;
But this gave comfort, *What could not be cur'd,*
It muſt be with a patient mind endur'd;
Becauſe therefore no Wine we could come by,
We were reſolv'd Beer ſhould us ſatisfie.

Being in, the firſt thing that our eyes beheld,
(like to two Soldiers marching in the field)
Came in a Bag-pudding and piece of Beef,
Which unto hungry ſtomacks gives relief.

By

By what is writ, Reader, thou maist suppose
(without the smelling, snuffing sence, the Nose)
'Twas Dinner time, when men do meat devour,
Or (as the Quaker saith) 'bout the Twelfth hour,
Our Stomacks were provided for the meat,
Nor did our Host fail for to bid us eat,
Few complements need to be us'd to do it,
For (hungry) we did stoutly fall unto it.
And being thus refresht with wholsom diet,
You'd think our Stomacks should have been at quiet:
But other thoughts did in our mind take place,
And liquor there was wanting in the case;
Our Hostess she was very blithe and handy,
And brought us in a quartern of *Nantz-Brandy*,
A Liquor which the *Dutch-men* prize, I think,
More than *Ambrosia* which the gods do drink;
Therefore its fame unto the Heav'ns they raise,
Indeed that Liquor well deserveth praise
Beyond *Metheglin*, *Usquebah*, or *Perry*,
Or nappy *Ale* that makes mens hearts full merry.
Worstershire-Sider, nor yet *Brunswick-Mum*,
In goodness nothing near unto it come.
Your liquorish *Steponey*, or your *Bracket*,
For goodness like to *Brandy* they much lack it.
Cardimum, *Rosa-solis*, *Aqua-vitæ*,
Although that they be very strong and mighty,
They are no more comparable to *Brandy*,
Than is a *Gyant* to a *Jack-a-dandy*:
Nor yet that Liquor *Fancy* on us thrusts,
Which scalds our mouths, and tasts like to burnt Crusts,
As Black as *Soot*, or as the River *Stix*,
Which they with Kennel water (surely) mix,
It comes far short of *Brandy* all will say,
Not to be mention'd with it the same day.

Brandy (according to the drinking Law)
It is both good and wholesom burnt or raw;
Or raw mixed with Sugar, if you do it,
There is no drink comparable unto it;
It clears the Stomach, and it helps digestion,
And is a wholesom Liquor without question.
Now we at this good Liquor there did stay
Till two full hours were wasted of the day;
When time, which every one of truth convinces,
And will not stay one jot, no not for Princes,
Told us that we must part, that too much drinking
Cripled the Legs, and made the wits be shrinking,
Then 'cause we would not be contradictory
To Time, although to part we were right sorry,
We paid the shot, a thing must not be undone,
And parted, he towards *York*, and I towards *London*.
From thence I on my journey forwards fell
Unto a Town nam'd *Stanstead-Deal*, or *Dell*,
So call'd 'cause it is in a bottom founded,
With *Dells* or watry places most surrounded:
Here runs a River which doth save them charges,
Being capable of bearing Boats and Barges,
By which to *London* they send store of Grain,
And bring thence Coles and other things again.
There is good liquor in that Town they say,
But 'twas near half a mile out of my way:
Wherefore because I would not go about,
I of that nappy liquor went without;
For why, the nearest way to *London* lies
Over a Common-meddow call'd the *Ayes*,
Which way I took, and crossed the *New-River*,
That unto *London* doth her Streams deliver.
But now some other matters to explain,
A while I'le turn my Verse to Prose again.

As I was thus going over the *Ryes*, there over-took me a Journey-man Shoo-maker, going ſo faſt, as if his buſineſs required wonderful haſt; however I had that inquiſitiveneſs to ask him why he went ſo faſt, and that if he went ſoftlier I ſhould be glad of his company, as being alone: He replied, that he was one of the *Gentle-Craft*, and having by the perſwaſions of *Monſieur Malt-worm* ſpent all his chink, he muſt haſt to *London* that night, having no Money to accommodate him with a lodging by the way. I laughed heartily at his diſcourſe, and told him he was not to be blamed for being money-leſs, ſeeing the ſame was ordained by *Jupiter* before. Thoſe words ſtruck *Criſpin* into a great amazement, who would needs know how it came to paſs that *Jupiter* ſhould be ſuch an enemy to good fellowſhip? Marry (ſaid I) I think him to be no enemy unto good fellowſhip, though it hath happened that he hath predeſtin'd moſt of you to be unthrifts, the manner whereof I will relate unto you.

It happened ſome Ages before my Grandmother was born, that *Jupiter* and *Mercury* travelled together upon the earth; *Mercury* was wonderfully hungry, and had no Money in his Purſe to buy him any food; and at laſt to his great comfort he ſpied where a company of Taylors were at dinner with butter'd Peaſe, eating their Peaſe with their Needles points one by one: *Mercury* came to them, and asked them his alms; they proudly bid him ſit down and do as he ſaw them did, and with that delivered him a Needle. The poor God being paſſing hungry, could not content his Maw with eating one by one, but turned the eye of his Needle, and eat two or three together; which the Taylors ſeeing, they ſtart up, and ſaid, What fellow, a Shovel and Spade to butter'd Peaſe! haſt thou no more manners? Get out of our company: and ſo they ſent him packing with many ſtrokes. *Mercury* coming back, *Ju-*

piter

piter demanded of him what news? And he told him how churliſhly he was uſed by the Taylors. Well, wandering on further, *Mercury* eſpied where a company of Shoomakers were at Dinner with powdred Beef and Breweſs; going to them, before he could ask them any alms, they ſaid, Welcom good fellow, what is thy Stomack up? Wilt thou do as we do, and taſte of our Beef? *Mercury* thanked them, and ſat down and eat his Belly-full, and drank well of Double-Beer; and when he had done, went home to his Maſter; as ſoon as he came, *Jupiter* asked him what news? And he ſaid, I have lighted amongſt a crew of Shoo-makers, the booneſt Fellows that ever I met withal, they have frankly fed me without grudging, and therefore grant me a Boon for them. Ask what thou wilt, *Mercury* (quoth he) and it ſhall be granted. Why then quoth he, grant that for this good turn they have done me, they may ever ſpend a Groat afore they can earn Twopence; It ſhall be granted quoth he: *Mercury*, as ſoon as *Jupiter* had ſaid the word, he bethought himſelf, and ſaid, Not ſo, but that they may earn a Groat before they ſpend Twopence, for my Tongue ſlipt at firſt; but *Jupiter* replied, my grant cannot be recalled, your firſt wiſh muſt ſtand firm. And hence it comes to paſs that by *Mercuries* miſtake, and *Jupiters* grant, that the Journey-men of the Gentle-craft have been ever ſince ſuch boon blades, and toping good Fellows.

Criſpin heard my Story with much attention, and I perceived that had his Purſe been anſwerable to his heart, we had taſted what liquor had been at the next Ale-houſe: But as the old ſong ſays, *Poverty parts good company*; my Lady *Pecunia* having parted from him, he ſoon parted from me, and made all the haſt he could towards *London*.

Paſſing

Paſſing thus as I told you o're, the *Rye*,
Incontinent to *Hodſden* I did hie,
A great th'row-fare, conſiſting of one ſtreet,
But ſeated in an Air wholeſom and ſweet;
There is therein of Inns the duce and all,
But Beer in them methought was very ſmall,
I try'd not only one, but two or three,
But Beer in none did with my taſte agree;
Indeed there is good Ale at the Thatcht-houſe,
Which followed will give a man a douce,
And likewiſe in the Town you there may ſee
Of Taverns there's no leſs than two or three,
Wherein with Wine you there may fill your gorges,
But not ſo good (methinks) as my friend *Georges*.
There is a Statue of a Nimph-like charm,
Which always holds a Pitcher in her arm,
Through which ſhe water conſtant doth deliver,
Which ſaves the fetching of it from the River;
What other Rarities in this Town be,
Let them who liſt go thither for to ſee.

From thence I went and had a little pull
At *Broksborn*, at the Sign of the *Black-Bull*,
Where though there was not high and mighty Liquor,
'Twas ſtronger than at *Hodſden*, and more quicker;
Quicker in two reſpects, Pots came more thick,
And then the Beer in drinking was more quick;
But having by ſuch quickneſs much coyn ſpent,
I parted thence, and unto *Wormly* went;
There did I ſtay all night at the *White-Hind*,
And found an Hoſt was debonair and kind.
He told me many tricks done in his youth,
Which if ſo be they all of them were truth,
I muſt conclude (for ſo it plain appears)
He was an arch wag in his younger years.

My Hostess she was bonny, cite, and neat,
And full of mirth, as is an Egg of meat.
She bid me kindly welcome, so she may
I think to any one that freely pay;
Yet this I'le say, her Meat was of the best,
Fresh, sweet, and good, and very cleanly drest;
All her discourse was pleasant, sweet as honey,
And I was kindly welcome for my money.

Next morn no sooner *Phœbus* did appear,
And with his beams did gild our Hemisphear,
But I soon shook off *Morpheus* drowzy clog,
First drank, and paid, then forwards on did jog
Unto a Town call'd *Chesshunt*, wheretofore
Was a Religious House of *Nuns* great store;
These *Nuns* were Maids or Virgins, chuse you which,
Or at the leastwise they should have been such,
But fame hath told (if fame hath not belì'd them)
They no such Cattel were by those that try'd them;
For under ground they had a private Cell
To *Waltham-Abby* where the *Monks* did dwell,
By which conveyance they each other met,
And many Bastards by this means did get;
But whether that the same were true or no,
'Tis only God Almighty that doth know.

This *Chesshunt* Town is three miles long or near,
And scattered with Houses here and there;
Some Alehouses upon the Road I saw,
And some with bushes, shewing they Wine did draw,
But whether Beer or Wine were good or bad,
To tast thereof no time as then I had:
For should a man at every Ale-house call,
'Twould empty his Purse, and spoil his brains withal;
And truly unto me it is a wonder
To see how Ale-houses the Road do cumber,

It does to me much admiration give
To think which ways they make a ſhift to live!
And yet I think a man may wonder more
That many men about them live ſo poor!
The Reaſon is, that what theſe poor men gain,
The Ale-houſes for drink from them do drain;
And ſo theſe poor men, to be term'd good fellows,
Do toil and moil for to maintain the Ale-houſe.
As to this purpoſe did a Neighbour mine,
Who to maintain the Ale-wives to go fine,
And idly live, whatever that he got
He ſpent upon them, on the Pipe and Pot;
He following this Trade continually,
Fell grievous ſick, as if he ſtraight would die;
Deſiring his Wives pity, he to move her,
Told her if that pleaſe God he did recover,
And that his help he to him would be giving,
Hee'd make the Ale-wives to ſpin for their living.
Soon after he recover'd his diſtemper,
But quickly grew he to be *idem-ſemper*,
The Ale-houſes he no ways would refrain,
Which made his wife thus carefully complain,
Husband, you ſaid, if that God ſent you health,
You would unto your ſelf return your wealth,
And make the Ale-wives for their living ſpin,
But now another mind I ſee you're in.
True Wife (reply'd the man) I were to blame
Should I deny't, and ſtill my mind's the ſame:
But firſt they muſt have Money wherewithall
For to buy Flax, ere they to ſpinning fall.
" Thus ſtill what vice a man is to addicted,
" He by excuſes ſeeks to be protected.
But to return where I did leave before,
This Town of *Cheſtnut* having paſſed o're,

I came to *Waltham-Croſs*, from *London* Town
A Dozen miles juſt, either up or down:
Of which ſame Croſs, becauſe that I will write,
I will again in Proſe a while indite.

This Croſs was erected by King *Edward* the firſt, in memory of his Wife Queen *Eleanor*, a renowned and vertuous Lady, Siſter to *Alphonſus* King of *Caſtile*, Daughter to King *Ferdinand* the third, and only Child of *Joan* his ſecond Wife, Daughter and Heir of *John* Earl of *Ponthieu*. She accompanied her Husband to the Holy Land, in which Voyage, he being ſtabbed by a *Saracen* with a poyſoned Dagger, when no Medicine could extract the poyſon, ſhe did it with her Tongue, licking daily, while her Husband ſlept, his rankling wounds, whereby they perfectly cloſed, and yet her ſelf received no harm! *So ſoveraign a medicine* (ſaid *Speed*) *is a womans tongue, anointed with the vertue of lovely affection. Pity it is*, ſaith Mr. *Fuller*, *ſuch a pretty ſtory ſhould not be true, becauſe then we might hear of one womans tongue that hath done good, whereas otherwiſe we have heard of a hundred womens tongues that have done hurt.* However, no queſtion ſhe was a woman of excellent parts, to our Nation a loving Mother, *and* (ſaith *Walſingham*) *the Column and Pillar, as it were, of the whole Realm.* She dyed at *Herdby* in *Lincolnſhire*, *November* 29, 1290, having been King *Edwards* Wife 36 years, who erected to her honour theſe Croſſes, as Statues, at *Lincoln*, *Grantham*, *Stanford*, *Geddington*, *Northampton*, *Stony-Stratford*, *Dunſtable*, St. *Albans*, this at *Waltham*, and one at *Weſtminſter* called Charing-croſs; which laſt was by the Rump, that Maggot-end of a Parliament, pulled down; to ſuch uncertain periods come oftentimes the faireſt Structures, as this which was built of Marble, and therefore the more ſubject to the covetouſneſs of avaritious hands. Thus, as *John Taylor* hath it,

Old Charing-Croſs *that laſted many lives,*
Is turn'd to Saltſellers and Hafts of Knives.

But this Croſs at *Waltham* being not ſo rich, eſcaped ruine, though time hath made it ſomething ruinous in reſpect of its former beauty and ſplendor. But enough of this Croſs, leſt I croſs my Reader with the tedioufneſs of the relation thereof.

From

From *Waltham-Croſs* I went to *Enfield* Town,
Unto the Sign there of the *Roſe and Crown*,
A noted place; which Houſe much money takes
For ſale of Butter'd bread, Eel-pies and Cakes;
There alſo is good Beer, and Ale ſo great,
'Tis ſaid that it will make a Cat to ſpeak.
But there is one thing makes amends for all,
Although their Ale be great, their pots are ſmall.
This Houſe is call'd *old Joans*, but wherefore ſo,
To tell to you the truth, I do not know;
Nor can we ought of its antiquity read
In learned *Cambden*, or laborious *Speed*,
For had they at the ſame but tope't their noſe,
They would have writ of it I do ſuppoſe;
Nor did *John Taylor* the brave *Water-Poet*
In all his rambling Travels ſurely know it,
For honeſt *John* did ne're commit that crime,
To drink good Ale, and mention not the Sign;
But ſince that time I have informed been,
That thoſe ſame perſons who now live therein,
Were in another Houſe living e're while,
Nearer to *London* much about a mile,
And coming for to live where now they do,
They brought the name of *old Joans* thither too.
Here after I had ſtaid a little ſpace,
Towards *London* then I forwarder did trace,
And weary as I was at laſt did come
To the *Blew Bell* in merry *Edmonton*;
I call it merry, for it doth appear
That once a merry Devil lived there.
Or elſe the ſtory lies, and the *Devil*'s in't,
If men would dare for to put lies in print;
But ancient Records they be-like do tell
One *Peter Faber* he therein did dwell,

And

And he deceiv'd the Devil as 'tis ſed,
The Devil ſure was faitly brought to bed;
That he ſhould be deceiv'd 'tis to be wonder'd,
Where one deceives him, he deceives a hunder'd.
But Holla Muſe, where runs my buſie pen!
Return unto thy ſubject once agen,
Here at the *Bell* I found good Beer, good Sack,
Nor did they Cuſtomers at that time lack,
Whoſe poſtures to expreſs as they ſat quaffing,
Would make a Horſe his Bridle break with laughing:
Here one ſate in a fume of *Tunidado*,
Whoſe vapours unto Heaven did make ſcalado;
Another he did ſpit and ſpall ſo ſore
As if he'd ſee what he had drunk before;
Another he did ſing ſo out of frame,
'Twould ſcare the ſchreich-owles for to hear the ſame;
One had his tongue continually a walking,
Yet none could gain one wiſe word by his talking;
Another did better decorum keep,
Nodding his head a while he fell aſleep;
Some could not to one ſeat their breeches fix,
But walking ſtill were full of antick tricks:
So each a ſeveral poſture did expreſs,
Acted with very much rediculouſneſs,
That it would make one think, a man to ſee
What kind of Beaſts and Anticks, Drunkards be,
That he from over-drinking ſhould refrain,
Or having been drunk, ne're be drunk again.
Here at the *Bell* I little time did ſtay,
Drank only one bare pint, and went my way.
But in the Road another Taxern ſpi'd,
Where what juice was within I went and tri'd;
To give you commendations of the Wine
It much doth need, 'twas neither brisk nor fine,

Racy, nor pure; therefore I do not scoff,
It needs much praises for to put it off;
But yet the Drawer like an honest Lad
Told me, although the first pint proved bad,
Bid me I should not be too much perplext,
For why it should be mended in the next;
But I well knowing his wire-drawing tricks,
By which on many a person they do fix;
Did leave him for some other one to taper on,
And bid adieu to him and his blue apron.
Next I to *Totnam-High-cross* took my way,
And at the Sign o'th' *Swan* a while did stay,
Being by a friend call'd in, who with a glance
From out the window spied me by chance;
No Complements betwixt us were neglected,
Being glad to meet together unexpected,
And then as when friends meet, the common use
Is to enquire straight, *Pray what good news?*
So was it then with us, our tongues 'gan prate
Of such transactions as were done of late,
And afterwards to other matters fell;
And first of all our tongues began to tell
How Honesty we thought from earth was fled,
Money was scarce, and that made trading dead.
That men of parts were slighted and neglected,
Whilst mimick anticks were too much respected;
How that Hypocrisie bare so much rule,
Plain dealing now accounted was a fool;
How *yea and nay*, if you do rightly scan him,
Would cozen, but more slylier far than *dam him*;
That some men, though in Knavery were mounted,
Yet would be angry to be Knaves accounted:
These last were my friends words which he me told,
But I straightway desir'd him to hold,

And bid him ſpeak with better circumſpection,
(There is no gen'ral Rule without exception)
For in our Country I my ſelf did know
As great a Knave as thereabouts did grow,
Who cauſe he would be known to be a Knave,
To have it under-hand five ſhillings gave,
And that this was a real truth, no jeſt,
Hundreds might ſign it with *Probatum eſt.*
Thus we of Knav'ry did our judgments ſcan,
Yet Knav'ry will be us'd do what we can;
Which made that Knave to think he did not leeſe,
When as he paid ten pounds by one poor Cheeſe;
Well may we ſay with *Rombus* the School maſter,
'Twill cauſe a broken head to have ſuch plaiſter;
And thus a man might eas'ly make it plain,
That ſome are but bare Knaves, ſome Knaves in grain.
But to return where we did leave before,
And of theſe cheating Knaves to write no more:
Commanding Time which will not ſtay for no man,
Me to my Journey once again did ſummon;
My friend and I that was ſo honeſt hearted,
Drunk to each other, then ſhook hands and parted.
Going ſtill neater *London*, I did come
In little ſpace of time to *Newington*.
Now as I paſt along I caſt my eye on,
The Signs of *Cock and Pie*, and *Bull* and *Lion*,
And Handſome Hoſteſſes, with ſmiling looks,
And thought that *Jackdaws* might be caught by *Rooks*.
So I ne're ſtaid, but unto *Kingsland* came,
Where at that place I found the very ſame
Signs to intice the people in to drink,
Where (if you will) you may ſpend ſtore of Chink.
From thence my courſe to *London* I did bend,
And at the City made my Journeys end.

E N D.